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CITY

ONE PENNY
May 10, 1878.

JACKDAW



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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. III.—No. 130.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1878.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE AND POLITICS.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

Fall the public bodies in Manchester, the Chamber of Commerce is one of the most amusing. It professes to concentrate within itself the very quintessence of gravity, and yet its proceedings frequently verge on the farcical; it poses before the world with heavy pomposity and almost tragic dignity, and tries hard to make people believe that there is a great reserve of strength beneath its forcible feebleness; it is constantly talking and perorating with verbose eloquence, and yet, notwithstanding the periodical record of the proceedings of the directors, *in re* the Roumanian tariff, the trade with Senegal, and other mysterious matters, it is open to doubt whether the existence of the Chamber confers any real benefit on the commerce of this district, or whether, indeed, it is not positively injurious to it. Of course, we are quite aware that there are hundreds, and even thousands, who would be quite ready to demonstrate, or try to demonstrate, the absurdity of our propositions. The present generation of manufacturers and merchants have been taught to look upon Chambers of Commerce as powerful engines for dragging trade into rough and hitherto unploughed fields, and for keeping old arable lands in good condition. Locally, most of them seem to forget the fact that one Cobden could not invest the Chamber of which he was a member with entire infallibility for the rest of its existence. We make bold to assert that the Manchester Chamber, as its affairs are at present managed—and here we do not blame the directors, but the members themselves—is of next to no use at all for the purposes which it is designed to serve. What is the sum total of its work? Take any particular instance as an example of the whole. At one of their meetings the directors suddenly bethink themselves that they had better send up a deputation to the head of one of the Government departments, with reference to some burning commercial question or other. And accordingly up to London a deputation goes, and waits upon one or other of the Ministers. They are received with fine words; they extract many conditional promises; they make what are called "effective speeches," and come away thinking what a remarkably clever deputation they are, while the Minister they have just been interviewing laughs in his sleeve, and thinks how easy it is to gull a deputation to their own complete satisfaction if only you have the command of official slang. The time goes on and the promises are not fulfilled, and the directors of the Chamber, in great disappointment, explain to their constituents that they have done all they possibly could; that it is not their fault, and that they were led to believe, &c., &c.—each one knowing perfectly well that the Ministerial homily to which he had listened meant simply, in nine cases out of ten, nothing at all.

The fact is that, as Mr. John Bright hinted a little while ago, most Chambers of Commerce are little better than shams. Their influence is ridiculously small compared with what it might and ought to be, because in very few cases have they the resolution to adopt the means by which alone they could attain the ends they profess to have in view. The Manchester Chamber have of late carried the art of humbug to a remarkable pitch of refinement. Every quarterly meeting there is an agenda paper containing a long list of subjects which have engaged the attention of the directors, and the Chamber tries to delude itself into the idea that, through its Board, it has been vigilantly promoting the commercial interests of this district especially, and of the country generally. And yet an unpleasant suspicion that things are not quite so satisfactory as they seem frequently pervades the members who come to hear the account of their directors' stewardship, and to "sleekly o'er with the pale mask of thought" the countenances of the directors themselves. For instance, at the meeting last Monday, the President, Mr. Benj. Armitage, thought it necessary to make some sort of an apology for the shortcomings

of the Board, and later on Mr. John Slagg began a speech in a way which made one believe that in his opinion it would, not be altogether a work of supererogation to vindicate the very existence of the Chamber. What then is the cause of this—as we allege—comparative inutility of the Manchester Chamber, which ought to be, and for that matter is, one of the foremost in the kingdom—for we do not mean that it occupies a unique position in regard to the matter of which we are about to speak, or that it alone amongst Chambers of Commerce is open to the strictures we have ventured to make. The reason is shown at nearly every meeting. It is this. The Chamber is always trying to accomplish an impossible task. It is constantly doing that which the orthodox accuse the materialistic philosophers of doing, namely, drawing general conclusions from one-half of a truth, while obstinately ignoring the other half, which would invalidate those conclusions. In other words, the Chamber, dealing with questions nearly every one of which is indissolubly connected with politics, refuses to take the political aspect of these questions into account. It insists on discussing everything—at least to a very great extent—as a matter of abstract philosophy, and consequently its conclusions, however sound they may be in the abstract, cannot be expected to have much weight with Governments, who generally act on the principle that sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. For instance, last Monday Mr. T. B. Waters raised a question which is of more importance than fifty Roumanian tariffs, and may perhaps be found more pressing even than the Indian import duties. Mr. Waters wanted to express, in the form of a resolution, what every man present must have thought, namely, that the passage of the native Indian troops through the Suez Canal is more than likely to have a very prejudicial, possibly a very disastrous, effect on the neutrality of that waterway, and consequently on our commerce. Now, of all questions that could occupy a Chamber which pretends to take an extended view of matters affecting the commercial world, this seems to us one of the most legitimate. But immediately Mr. Alderman Bennett, Mr. G. Lord, and others, jumped up to protest against the introduction of the matter, because, forsooth, it was political in its bearings. Mr. Bennett, by way of proving his anxiety to keep the Chamber clear of politics, delivered a speech denouncing the Liberal party and the Russian Government in no measured terms; and Mr. R. R. Jackson, also to prove his impartiality, took the opportunity of talking some nonsense about aggression, and the folly of lowering our colours before Russia. And ultimately Mr. Waters had to enunciate his resolution by referring the matter to the directors, which means that it is not likely to be heard of again—though Mr. Waters's object was really attained by the discussion to which his motion gave rise. Now, we do not for a moment cast any personal blame on the directors or the members. They are only pursuing a system the absurdity of which ought to be obvious to them, if it is not. Are the members of the Chamber a set of children that they do not know how to handle the edged tools of politics without getting themselves cut? Not for a moment would we advocate the transformation of the Chamber into a political body. That would mean its practical extinction. But we do say that it is absurd for the members to insist on leaving out of sight the political aspect of every question that comes before them, and to ignore, or try to ignore, the political considerations which must modify the conclusions drawn from the discussion of the purely commercial aspect of those questions. If the act of bringing the troops through the Canal had been condemned by the Chamber with something like unanimity—and even Mr. Bennett and Mr. Lord did not attempt to justify it—such a condemnation from such a body must have had more weight with any Government than the resolutions of half-a-dozen ordinary public meetings, and that such important matters should be shelved merely because their discussion may affect the policy of the Government of the day betrays a want of moral courage on the part of the Chamber, which is the true reason of its want of real influence.

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PHILOSOPHY.

[BY OUR OWN NATURAL PHILOSOPHER.]

THE sun was setting in the west
 When a wayworn traveller reached Manchost-
 Er, to his heart so dear;
 He trod the banks of sweet Irwell,
 And as he knew it by its smell,
 He blessed the atmosphere.

At least, "he blessed," you may suppose,
 'Twas what the French call "*autre chose*."
 But, as for cars polite,
 I render what I heard him say,
 In mildest terms I'll pen his lay,
 And not his words indite.

The stars were peeping from the sky;
 By pious parents brought up pi-
 Ously, he swore far "wuss"
 Than blasphemers that I could name,
 On that fair night it was a shame,
 But he began to "cuss."

They swear terribly in the land
 Of Flanders, as I understand;
 But this fellow was flush
 Of such expletives, lengthened out
 And unctuously brought round about,
 That I thought I should blush.

I changed my mind, sat on a log,
 And listened to his monologue—
 I fear I lost my time;
 I had come out to take a walk,
 And not to hear a numskull talk
 Without reason or rhyme.

The moon was rising in the east—
 The traveller did not care the least,
 No more than dog or pig.
 Said he, "I come now from the wars,
 And for the sun, the moon, the stars,
 I do not care a fig."

A soft wind blowing from the south
 Put out the pipe stuck in his mouth—
 "That's what I call a rig,"
 Quoth he, "I very well can see
 This 'ere wind wont agree with me;
 It wont, no, dash my wig!"

The Great Bear glittered in the north;
 "I don't care," said he, "one ha'p'orth
 For Nature, or what not,
 And all that's in the universe
 Brings me no blessing and no curse,
 And all may go to pot."

"I am a true philosopher—
 I never committed a mur-
 Der, or did what's not right;
 All that I ask is—Give me beer,
 Baccy, and beef, and all that 'ere;
 That's all, so blow me tight."

Why he should wish to be blown tight,
 After complaining of the night
 Wind which had stopped his smoke,
 Is more than I could understand;
 But still I listened, calm and bland,
 And so would other folk.

"Bread, beef, and beer will comfort bring,
 And make us laugh, and dance, and sing
 Better than pipes and tabors.
 That line is just one foot too long;
 It doesn't matter, right or wrong
 I'll let it stay, by jabers!"

You see, he thought he spoke in rhyme;
 I was astonished at the time—
Humanum est errare.
 There are some people who delight
 To talk and write from morn till night,
 And think they're literary.

"A Sybarite, who's long been dead,
 Complained that rose-leaves on his bed
 Were folded, while around him
 Every appliance for sweet rest
 Gave to his slumbers quite a zest;
 Yet, he complained—confound him!"

"Some men to wealth and power are born,
 And some to toil, contempt, and scorn.
 Earth smiles a valediction
 Upon the first; unto the last,
 Misery, poverty are cast,
 Hatred and malediction.

"Pure blood is thine, and thine alone—
 And so the difference is shown

"Twixt noblemen and carters.
 Shall I, a plebeian of blood base,
 Some day in Heaven meet your grace?"
 "No, by my stars and garters!"

"In this or any future state
 With you we can't associate—
 You're clods; we're lords and ladies."
 "Perdition be, my lord, your lot!
 That's the best wish for you I've got;
 And may you go to Hades!"

"*S'angre azul!* Plague, famine, pest!
 But I care not, and should do best
 To sing a dithyramb a-
 Bounding in the praise of drink,
 Than of such fools and idiots think;
 I hate them all—*Caramba!*"

That last word I don't comprehend,
 But if it's, as I apprehend,
 A foreign execration,
 I'm sure it can't be half as strong
 As what we say in English tongue
 In times of desperation.

"I've been in many foreign lands,
 On sterile plains and sea-girt sands,
 Heard many a foreign lingo,
 Where our and other flags unfurled
 Bid proud defiance to the world;
 It makes me laugh, by jingo!"

"You often see upon this earth
 A thing provocative of mirth—
 With satire you may lash it;
 And man's a humbug who pretends
 That truth and virtue are his ends—
 As Cox says, 'Dang it! dash it!'"

Who Cox may be I can't make out,
 Unless 'tis he who brews the stout
 That you'll hear people mention;
 But why this man should quote the word
 Used by a brewer seems absurd,
 And passes comprehension.

"I've lived enough to know 'wot's wot,'
 And if I lingered on this spot
 As long as old Methusalem,
 At last I'd only turn to dust—
 Poet and parson say I must—
 And bung a hole—Jerusalem!"

"Man was, man is, man is to be"
 "What?"—"Life is like a boundless sea."
 "'Tis not; listen to me—
 'Tis like a twice or thrice told tale—
 'Tis old, 'tis flat, 'tis grown quite stale;
 Yes, string me up a tree!"

"A man will tell me something new,
 But then, of course, it is not true—
 Most likely is a blunder;
 Another tells me something true,
 But then it follows it's not new,
 And he's a fool, by thunder!"

"There's nothing new, there's nothing true;
 What is that thing they call virtue,
 Oh, Brutus! but a name?
 Honour is but an empty word—
 Void, senseless, meaningless, absurd,
 And life is a rum game.

"Quintillian, if I mistake not,
 Said some wise things among a lot
 Of nonsense. Well, that cove
 Said once that facts were just the bones
 Of talk, of fruit they were the stones—
 That, perhaps, is true, by Jove!"

"The fruit is ate, the talk is done,
 The stone remains, the hour has run,
 And gone like summer roses.

G. L. DARBY,

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Over is life, and death is nigh,
And naught remains—no, by the pi-
Per who played before Moses!"

As thus he did philosophise,
And think himself so very wise,
A smell o'er Irwell came;
The pilgrim, who had said his say,
Rose up and wended on his way,
And then I did the same.

[We give this, not because we think there is much in it, but in order that our readers may be able to have some idea of the sort of thing with which we are often called upon to deal.—Ed. *City Jackdaw*.]

AN OLD RAD (P RAT).

IN the *Manchester Guardian* of May 6th appeared a note, signed "An Old Rad," approving the course lately adopted by that paper towards the Government. We believe that in old Saxon the letters *d* and *t* are used exchangeably, and we suspect that the real meaning of the signature is "An Old Rat," and that if we had the name of the writer before us, and could consult the voting lists for 1857, we should find that name amongst the number that turned out Messrs. Bright and Gibson from Manchester! Well, we have had to endure disgrace ever since that time, and if the *Guardian* and "An Old Rat" could prevail, we should soon be involved in a war much more unjustifiable than that of 1854, or the Chinese war which followed it, and we should be plunged into deeper and more lasting disgrace than on those occasions.

A LAKE OF SODA-WATER.

ACCORDING to the *Times of India*, there is a lake of soda-water, known as the Lake of Lonar, in Hyderabad. The salt collected from it has been widely used for washing and dyeing chintzes; and when, in the dry weather, evaporation reduces the level of the water, vast quantities of soda are gathered on the shore. From an official report, which has just been issued, it seems that the supply of soda now greatly exceeds the demand, which, owing to the distance of the lake from the line of railway, has always been a local one. The largest consumers have hitherto been the villagers in the territories of his Highness the Nizam, but the prohibitory duties which have lately been imposed on soda by the Durbar have, it is said, checked the trade in this direction. No fresh supplies were taken from the lake in 1876-77, as large stocks of unsold produce remained on hand from the manufacture of the preceding year. The Lake of Lonar must be more valuable than Lake Thirlmere even; and, of course, the value of this lake of soda-water would be immensely increased if a lake of brandy would be good enough to turn up in the same neighbourhood.

WHAT AN ANGEL!

WHEN a clergyman does wrong he usually goes it in no half-hearted manner. The Rev. Charles Henry Angel, late chaplain of the Leeds Borough Gaol, seems to be a brick. At the Police Court of that town, the other day, he summoned Mr. James Sugden, tobaccoist, for using abusive language to him. The complainant stated that he was a gentleman of family and position, and not ashamed of his name, and he appealed to the gentlemen of the press—whether Radical, Liberal, or Conservative—to report the case fully. All he asked was to walk along Bear Lane without being annoyed by this tobaccoist. A man of the name of Sugden came out to him to said, "Take him away," to a police-constable, and he presumed that was to "crucify him," and make him a "Protestant fussee." He had a slight objection to being taken. He appealed for justice to certain men in court, who, he said, were in heaven, but were on the seat of justice. In cross-examination, the complainant said he must have the questions put to him categorically before he could answer them. He spoke as a member of the Society of Friends, with whom he sometimes worshipped, and he reserved the right to himself if any man said he told an untruth to call him a liar, and if necessary a 4—liar. He was not bound to commit himself, neither could he be put down by counsel or anyone else. He was a clergyman, a gentleman, and a graduate of Oxford. Mr. Luccock (one of the magistrates) said that if counsel could not put him down others would. The case was dismissed, and this Angel of a clergyman ordered out of court.

A CANDID EDITOR.

IF we are to credit a London contemporary, *Nicolaeff Vestnik*, one of the leading newspapers in South Russia, is a caution. Sometimes it comes out every day, even on Sunday; then it contents itself with a weekly or bi-weekly appearance; and afterwards it slumbers in silence for a week or so. The same vagaries mark its hours of publication, these ranging from five in the morning till ten in the evening. The editor was asked the other day why he did not adopt a regular system of publication. "It's too much trouble," he answered; "so horribly monotonous. Besides, we're always short of something—advertisements, 'copy,' paper, printers, or cash—and when all these work harmoniously together, it always happens that we're short of readers."

A FAIR AND FERVENT APPEAL.

IN the May number of the *Women's Suffrage Journal* are published some lines, entitled "An Appeal," by "Celle, Melie, and Velie." What the verses are all about we cannot say. Can our readers? They are as follows:—

We are three tender, clinging things,
With palpitating natures;
We can't endure that gentlemen
Should think of us as creatures,
Who dress like frights, and want their rights,
Or business to attend to,
Or have their views, or ask the news,
Or anything that men do.

Oh listen, valued gentlemen,
Don't let yourselves be blinded;
We're not estranged, we're no way changed,
And not the least strong-minded.

We can't abide careers and things,
We never touch an ism;
We couldn't stand outside a sphere,
Nor do a syllogism.

We don't enjoy rude health, like some,
Nor mannish independence;
We're helpless as three soft-shelled crabs,
Without some male attendants.

We need—oh how we need—a guide;
Secure, his views obtaining,
Of what to like and where to step,
And whether it is raining.

And when we roam, we wait for him
To point, with manly strictures,
The landscape out, and say "Behold!"
Just as they do in pictures.

We're trusting—we're confiding—
Too easily we're blinded;
We're clinging and we're hanging,
And we're truly feeble-minded.

We disapprove the sort of girl
Who calls for education,
And sells her talents, like a man,
For bold remuneration.

We'd die before we'd learn a trade;
We'd scorn to go to college;
We know (from parsing Milton) how
Unfeminine is knowledge.

"God is thy law, thou mine," it says;
Thou art my guide and mentor,
My author and my publisher,
Source, patentee, inventor.

But we—we can do nought but cling,
As on the oak the vine did;
And we know nothing but to love;
Indeed, we're feeble-minded.

What we wish is that the three fair ones, "Celle, Melie, and Velie," should put themselves into direct communication with the *Jackdaw*. If their object is to advance the sacred cause of women's rights, we think we could give them some useful advice as to their mode of procedure. They ought, at least, to deal less in enigmas than they have done in the present instance. But if, on the other hand, their appeal be, as we shrewdly suspect, an appeal for a husband, then we think we could assist them still more. Several impecunious scribblers would be glad of wives who can write verses, however unintelligible these verses may be.

The HATS THAT CANNOT BE SURPASSED FOR STYLE, DURABILITY, AND CHEAPNESS, ARE ROBERTS'S. 87. Oxford Street, near All Saints'



Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagent, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT Mr. Charles Williams, the eminent author of the music-hall war-song, of which the Queen was pleased to express her approbation, has been explaining himself in the *Daily News*.

That he indignantly denies the insinuation that he can neither read nor write. Of course he can, and do a very simple addition sum, too.

That he also kindly vindicates the right of the Queen to—well, to act in a manner which throws a doubt upon her literary ability.

That Mr. Charley, Q.C., M.P., Common-Serjeant, has also been explaining himself and his position.

That it is gratifying to find that even Mr. Charley feels that his position needs some explanation.

That Sir Henry James will explain it still further in a way that may be very disrespectful to Mr. Charley.

That the Ministry are showing how keenly they feel the sting of Mr. Bright's recent speech. It makes them quite Cross.

That the Chancellor of the Exchequer's justification of the employment of Indian troops is the unkindest (North)cut of all.

That the Tories of Leigh are in a great state of excitement over the Bishop of Manchester's anti-war sermon in their village, last Sunday.

That they all declare the conduct of the Bishop quite il-Leigh-gal.

That the Chamber of Commerce, in fear of trenching upon political ground, is henceforth going to confine its attention to the regulation of the supply of milk for babes.

That Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., as he does on most questions, has pursued a remarkably consistent and clear course concerning the Eastern Crisis.

That he says the Government continue loud in their declarations that they do not desire war.

That, nevertheless, they are every day advancing nearer and nearer to the precipice.

That he is not far wrong in thinking that they cannot help toppling over into the awful abyss below if they go much farther.

That strong words have become the order of the day in the political world.

That Mr. Leatham, M.P., has given the Tories—the Jingoese—another distinctive title.

That he speaks of them as the fire-eaters.

That he says he would not entrust the peace of Europe to the Earl of Beaconsfield for a single hour.

That Mr. Wm. Mather, speaking at Hawarden, on Wednesday, spoke of the Prime Minister as Mephistopheles.

That an Edinburgh working man has gone further, and suggested that Sir Stafford Northcote should save, at least, a small portion of the six millions—say, thirty pieces of silver—and hand them over to the Premier.

That the conflict is about as bitter between the War Party and the Peace Party in England as it was between Russia and Turkey in Bulgaria.

That Hobart Pasha has been dining with the Queen, at Windsor Castle.

That nobody has any wish, unnecessarily or unjustifiably, to drag the Queen's name into the arena of politics.

That, however, if Her Majesty takes an active and a prominent part in politics, she must bear the consequences.

That Sir Stafford Northcote says it is by command of the Queen that the native Indian troops are coming to Malta.

That the last Royal volume, pitching into Russia and fanning the war fever, was issued during this crisis by Her Majesty's commands.

That nobody regrets all this any more than the *Jackdaw* does.

That, loyal to the Throne as the *Jackdaw* is, he cannot help saying what's on his mind, even when it is his Sovereign's conduct which comes to be in question.

TO A FASHIONABLE LADY.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

LADY with the locks of gold,
With a winsome grace displayed,
To encourage lover bold,
And entrance the swain dismayed,
Shining beauty go your way,
Catch admirers while you may;
Not a thought of barbers' blocks
Mars the wonder of your locks.

Let the gilded tresses fall
Loose, or be they ribbon-bound,
Equally they will enthral,
Still admirers shall be found.
Do not doubt, oh lady fair,
The attractions of your hair;
Hints of tow and horsehair pads,
Trouble not enamoured lads.

Lady with the graceful gown,
Made the figure to display
(Quite the sweetest thing in town),
In a free and easy way,
Though you scarcely can respire,
You increase a lover's fire,
When each turn of form and limb,
Freely is revealed to him.

Lady with the dainty trip
(Walking is a clumsy thing,
Nought is worse, from heel to hip,
Than a vulgar healthy swing),
Lift you feet and put them down
First before and then behind,
Kicking short to clear your gown—
Men may stare, but never mind!

Lady with the flowing train
(Thing in millinery sweet),
Gracefully in mud and rain,
Doth your presence glad the street.
Hear the crossing-sweeper sigh
As your silk goes dragging by!
Can he hope to money make
When he follows in your wake?

Lady with the rosy tint,
Which has many a lover caught,
Too gallant to frame the hint
That such treasures can be bought.
Lady with the lip capricious—
"Quite too awfully delicious;"
Not thine the back to lay the lash on—
But what a hideous thing is fashion.

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JINGOES VERSUS JINGOES.

THE Tory Jingo has had their War Song for months; the Liberal Jingo has got their Peace Song at last. The Queen is the patron of the one; Mr. Gladstone is the patron of the other. Very good—only, our friends the Tory Jingo, headed by Her Majesty, must not imagine that the Liberal Jingo, led by Gladstone, will allow peace to be broken, without, if necessary, striking a blow. This was strikingly shown at the great Liberal meeting in Manchester last week. After being rung out of Albert Square many of the Tory Jingo proceeded to the Free Trade Hall, and in the adjoining streets indulged in their favourite frolics of using threats and throwing stones. Some of them went so far even as to try to terrify Mr. Bright when leaving the building. How they fared has not hitherto been recorded. Numbers of good Liberal Jingo happened to be present. The Tory Jingo did not know this at the time; but they know it now. A swellish Tory Jingo actually raised his gamp in a threatening attitude over John Bright's head. He is not likely to repeat the experiment; for a stalwart working man, on the other side, spoiled his digestion with one blow and knocked out his front teeth with another. Sundry similarly salutary operations were performed in other cases, and in no instance did the Liberal Jingo come off second best. These Tory Jingo of Manchester have been sadder and wiser men ever since. While not believing in great problems being solved in this rough-and-ready fashion, it is as well to know that when Jingo meets Jingo then comes the tug of war, and that the Liberal Jingo is quite able to hold his own any day against the Tory Jingo.

MR. CHARLEY'S SELF-EXCUSE.

WHATEVER hopes we may form of Mr. Charley's career as Common-Serjeant, it must be allowed that his lordship—how queer the title sounds in connection with the member for Salford!—has not commenced that career in a very dignified way. Forgetting the French proverb, "*Qui s'excuse s'accuse*," the first thing he did on taking his seat was to make excuses for being in the position which he now occupies. "A strange misconception," said Mr. Charley, "appears to exist as to the authority by which I sit to try indictable offences. That mandate I receive not from the citizens of London. My real position with regard to the citizens is that of Advocate of the Commonalty. I sit here as a criminal judge by command of Her Gracious Majesty, and upon her mandate of oyer and terminer and general goal delivery. But"—and what follows is delicious in its modesty—"but if any excuse were needed for the gracious act of the Sovereign, and for my appointment as the chosen advocate of the city of London, it will be found in the Acts of Parliament which have constituted the Central Criminal Court, the nation, through their representatives in Parliament, confirming them." But, as far as we are aware, nobody has ever questioned Mr. Charley's legal position; and nobody ever cared whether he sat by command of Her Majesty or at the pleasure of the city of London. All that people care about is that he sits at all, and Sir Henry James—in whose mind Mr. Charley no doubt meant that the "strange misconception" exists—did not at all intend to raise a discussion concerning Mr. Charley's "mandate" when he gave notice of motion with respect to this and other appointments. But the most curious part of the speech is the new Common-Serjeant's hypothesis with respect to a possible excuse. Why should a Judge imagine for a moment that an excuse for his judicial existence could be by any possibility and under any circumstances be needed? Surely it is beneath the dignity of the occupant of a judicial bench to admit the remotest necessity for an apology of this kind—unless his own sense of the absurdity of the whole thing is so keen that he feels bound to anticipate possible adverse arguments. But even then surely his lordship might have found some better excuse than that to be found in the Acts of Parliament constituting the Central Criminal Court. They furnish an excuse for the existence of the court, but not for the existence of the Common-Serjeant.

IT'S AN ILL WIND, &c.

IT is announced in the newspapers that Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, has been restored at a cost of £200,000, and that Mr. Roe, a Dublin distiller, has endowed it with the munificent sum of £20,000. Surely our teetotal friends will admit, with Shakspeare—

"There is a soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out."

ROYAL CONVENIENCE.

IT is announced that the Prince of Wales has decided, at great personal inconvenience, to visit Nottingham early in July next to open the Fine Art Museum. Excellent young man! Engaged so closely as he is in literary and scientific pursuits, deeply immersed in the study of social and political economy, it is nothing short of magnanimity that he should thus set aside a day for Nottingham. Why were the Nottingham Corporation so unfeeling as to seduce the Prince from those great and grand and glorious pursuits to which he is devoting the best years of his life? Much better would it have become them to have humbly prayed his Royal Highness to relax his multifarious studies, lest he should find he cannot, except at great personal inconvenience, reign over that enlightened people which pays so many hundreds of thousands annually to the reigning family, and asks no questions.

ODE TO POESY: A FRAGMENT.

[BY FIGARO JUNIOR.]

O Poesy!

Nature's beloved child, whose minstrelsy
Strikes, in the passionate cadence of its art,
The diapason of the human heart,
Waking, inspiring every hero-soul
With thy grand melody's sonorous roll,
To write his name in characters sublime
Upon the marble tablets of his time;
And quelling evil passions that would keep—
Did not thy music hush them into sleep?—
Our lives in misery. Ev'n I have been
One of thy worshippers who seek to glean
More knowledge of thee, and who listen long
To the deep swelling music of thy song,
Who wait to see the spirit-light arise
In the translucent azure of thine eyes;
O thou! who bringest from the realms above
The fire of genius and the flame of love,
Wouldst thou but exercise thy power divine
Even on my troubled spirit, and refine
Its aims and aspirations for the morrow,
And wert thou graciously to let me borrow
One diamond spark from thy celestial fire,
And teach me how to strike thy golden lyre,
Then all the purpose of my life should be
Thine adoration, O, sweet Poesy!

Dear George, with thee imagination strays
In the rose-fragrant gardens, where the rays
Of the young moon illumine, with tender light,
The loveliness created by the night,
While memories of old and mystic story
Revive beneath the magic of her glory.
Under the rustling branches of the glade,
Where in past centuries the Druids prayed,
I linger with thee, as in days of yore
I lingered with another—now no more;
For in the midst of all our dreams of bliss,
Visions of other worlds, and hopes of this,
When his young gaze remotely had deserted,
And felt thy power, O Beauty—then he died.

O for long years of life and liberty,
That I might be a priest to Poesy,
And preach her sacred doctrines! I am sick
Ev'n unto spirit death; for fast and thick,
Like clouds in dreary winter, come the cares
That clog the aspiration. And the tares
Put forth a noxious growth and seek to choke
The delicate Passion flowers. And the yoke
Of this world's service weighs upon my soul,
While I am deafened by the bells that toll
Their call to mammon worship. Though the mob,
Whose hireling hearts one solitary throb
Have never felt for some diviner life,
Scoff at all voices raised above their strife,
And with a pitying sneer press eager on
To an abyss they know not, and which won
Will make them start in terror at the sight,
As the stern menace of the infinite
Confronts their wretched souls.

TO SMOKERS: [Mounted Briars, Meerschaums, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description.]

WITHECOMB, 32 VICTORIA-ST., & 66, MARKET-ST.

MISS BECKER AND WIFE TORTURE.

WE have often wondered why it is that our estimable friend Lydia E. Becker, the able editress of the *Women's Suffrage Journal*, should so long continue content to be merely Miss Lydia Becker. Her paper, however, we fancy lets the cat out of the bag. Ever harping on the cruelty of husbands to their wives, Miss Becker has evidently come to the conclusion to shun wedlock as she would shun war or any other evil. Herein, most likely, lies the reason why she declines each recurring offer, however tempting. This month's number of her *Journal* contains a contribution which is enough of itself to make any maid tremble at the very thought of matrimony. What we read is this:—

"There has been no cessation of wife-torture during the month and no symptoms of an awakening of the conscience of men in authority in regard to it. The *Liverpool Daily Post* has the following commentary on a case recently tried in that town:—'A month's imprisonment for driving a wife into an attic, brutally thrashing her, trying to choke her, throwing her down stairs, and finally attempting to set her on fire, is certainly not an exemplary punishment. This, however, was the sentence passed at the Liverpool Police Court upon a gentleman named Tully, who was charged with all the varieties of brutality just mentioned, and whose general reputation was said to be that of a worthless fellow. There were apparently no extenuating considerations—unless the fact of the prisoner's failure to set fire to his wife was regarded as one, and it is difficult to see how it could be, because her escape does not seem to have been owing to any want of earnestness on his part, but to the circumstance that the garment which he tried to ignite was composed of flannel. For the rest, the complainant declared that, although she had been married to the prisoner for twenty years, and had ten children, the whole burden of maintaining the family fell upon her shoulders. The court may have had special reasons for leniency, but they do not appear in the report, and, on the face of it, a month's imprisonment—the sentence sometimes passed upon neely women for the theft of a few pence—was hardly a sufficient punishment for so gross an outrage.' A new phase presents itself in Shropshire. We learn from the *Oswestry Advertiser* that Mr. George Mesley, who had to explain to the borough magistrates why he had knocked his wife against a wall, stated that he was a Catholic and she was a Protestant, and the matter was simply 'a religious difficulty.' Possibly in consideration of his pious motive the magistrates refrained from inflicting personal punishment, and simply fined him one pound and costs. At Baschurch, a wife-beater, presumably irreligious, received the 'exemplary' punishment of four months' imprisonment. At the Police Court, in Dublin, William Hanbridge, convicted of cruelly assaulting and ill-treating his wife, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment; Patrick Hamilton, for stealing a bracelet from his master, Captain Trueman, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. When men so freely boast of their chivalry and tenderness towards women, and allege this tenderness as a reason for refusing them the suffrage, it would be well for them to be reminded that there is another side to the picture. If the majority of men are incapable of committing such outrages, they are, as Mr. Mill says, 'quite capable of letting them be committed,' and so long as they permit these atrocities to continue without making any serious attempt to check or punish them, they have no right to allege their care and tenderness for women as a sufficient excuse for denying them political rights."

What Miss Becker says is doubtless true. But there are two sides to every question. "Wife-torturing" may be a terrible fact. What, however, about husband-torturing? Is there none of that? Even Miss Becker must have read at times of nutty wives, of wives who do not make their homes comfortable, of wives who do not darn their husbands' stockings or sew the buttons on their husbands' shirts, of wives who scold their husbands without cause, of wives who are fonder of their gin than their children, of wives who sometimes toss knives at their husbands, of wives who occasionally use pokers and irons as arguments, of wives who have strong tempers and sharp tongues, of wives who will not live within their husbands' incomes, of wives who will wear fashionable and expensive bonnets while their husbands are content with homespun, of wives who have no managing powers, of wives who know little themselves and are too ignorant to learn from others, of wives, in short, who would ruin any home and worry and weary any man. We find no fault with what Miss Becker has to say against wife-torture—only, she might speak a word now and then, as well, in condemnation of husband-torture.

Mr fashionable lady friends will be interested in knowing that Mr. Will's new play, *Nell Gwynne*, has been produced at the Royalty Theatre, in London, at an enormous expense so far as the dresses are concerned. One of these dresses is said to have cost a hundred guineas, while some of the silk brocade was as much as two guineas a yard. After that, as things theatrical go now-a-days, the piece should be a great success.

THE SON OF THE MOON.

THE Shah of Persia is again moving westward, and it is to be hoped that his second trip this way out may do him more good than his first. A Lancashire man, writing from Persia, says that on the 3rd ult., the day before the Shah left Teheran, some soldiers complained to His Highness of certain ill-treatment they had received at the hands of their officers—the latter having, in fact, swindled the men out of their pay; that in trying to get to the Shah there was a scramble, in which one of his servants was hurt; and that "this so incensed the autocrat that he immediately ordered ten of the soldiers to be strangled on the spot, and their bodies to be dragged by the heels through the bazars. Fifteen others were thrashed with sticks until they could not stand, and as this did not kill them he commanded that 'the dogs' should have their noses and ears cut off, and be cast into dungeons, which was accordingly done." The visit of such an imperial barbarian to this or any other civilised country carries no honour with it, and the chief wonder is that liberty and justice-loving folk are willing to toady to such a tyrant. We do not say that he ought to be treated discourteously. What we protest against is the laudatory rigmarole in which most "Society" journals and the people generally who move in high places write and speak of this "distinguished potentate." Our own opinion is that he is an arrant humbug, and unworthy to rank with the commonest collier in the kingdom.

WHITTLING IT DOWN.

Mr. Baring's Official Report	15,000
Mr. Cross's Preston Speech.....	5,000
Mr. Hardy's Bradford Speech	3,000

YE Englishmen, whose blood is stirred
By deeds of bitter wrong,
Who lust and cruelty detest
With loathing deep and strong;
Ye simple-minded gulls who wear
Your hearts upon your sleeve,
And fall an easy prey to men
Who seek but to deceive;
Whose souls were fired by fearful tales
Of bloody butcher work,
To join with those who hounded down
The gentle, guileless Turk;
Do ye not blush for very shame
To think upon the craze,
Which took possession of your brain
In well-remembered days,
When fiery indignation shook
Each corner of the land,
And fragments of the frightful tale
Went round from hand to hand;
When each man read, with bated breath,
Of murder grim and dark,
Of ravished mothers, slaughtered babes,
Piled corpses stiff and stark;
Of tender maidens hacked to death
Beneath the parents' eye,
Of mangled men by thousands left
In agony to die?
The churches running red with gore,
The horrors of Batak—
These are but tales to gull the ears
Of those who wisdom lack—
Mere babble of the coffee house,
A sham, a vile pretence,
A flimsy pretext scouted by
All men of common sense.
Mere party ruses meant to aid
The rush for power and place,
The shame of which shall brand your name
For ever with disgrace.
And is this so, and shall it be,
That statements such as these,
Bawled forth at party gatherings,
A Tory mob to please,
'Gainst damning proof from ev'ry side,
Can for a moment weigh;
Shall Truth once more be beaten down,
And falsehood gain the day?
Then lay this lesson well to heart,
Nor heed what people cry,
And if a lie will serve your turn,
With brazen forehead—lie.

WORMALD'S CREAM OINTMENT, FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN, IS TRULY EFFICACIOUS.
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WHAT'S IN A NAME?

PRESTON, as everybody knows, is a great Tory stronghold. The eloquence which has been poured into Tory ears there during the last few days would have made any ordinary Tory become mad, or at least deaf. But then the Preston Tory is not like any other known or unknown Tory. Of course, all the orations delivered on the occasion or occasions were not reported. That can seldom be done at Tory gatherings. As a rule, Tories are not great thinkers; for the most part, they are not great scholars, thinking much less of the Queen's English than of British Interests; and occasionally the extent of their ignorance runs a race with the strength of their language. One of the Preston orators, it seems, delivered himself of a telling speech some short time ago. Roaring at the top of his voice, and shaking the dewdrops from his mane in orthodox fashion, he declared, suiting the action to the word and the word to the action, that his faith in Beaconsfield was unshaken as it was unbounded, but that for the fellow called Disraeli he didn't care a ——. Need we add that the announcement was received by the Tories of Preston with tremendous cheers and every other mark of the strongest approval? Or, need we add, further, that the good people of that enlightened town do not yet see their sore need of a School Board? Beaconsfield I love, but Dizzy I hate. Yes; what's in a name?

STRIKE, BUT HEAR!

DWELLERS in many a famous town,
Whose life is calico,
What! will ye keep production down
Because the price is low?
The unenfranchised country clown
Should prompt you to cry "No."
How you would blame him if he said,
"Sow half the farm with salt,
Thus shall the prices go ahead
Of bread and meat and malt;
Or, if the markets still are dead,
It shant be still our fault."
You men would cry, "A waistcoat strait
That wicked fool shall know;"
And well would he deserve his fate,
Starving production so—
For all things which alleviate
Man's life should freely grow.
This truth he holds, his fields are sown,
His maidens make the cheese,
His oxen and his sheep are grown,
Although your argosies
Bring eatables from every zone
To free-trade granaries.
Then how can you, whose lives depend
On calico, admit
That any mortal things befriend
Us mortals more than it,
Or deem a strike can serve your end
Which stints it bit by bit?
Poor rustics teach you what to do
In Lancashire, rich hive—
To make cheap goods, good through and through,
And plenty of them strive:
Thus workmen, and their masters too,
Thus, only thus, can thrive.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND SHOPS.

THE following advertisement appears in the *Manchester Courier*:—

TO BE LET, some Excellent New SHOPS, with Dwelling-houses attached, now nearly completed; fitted up with every convenience and in a most advantageous position, being in Market Street and opposite to the new market in Wigan; rent, £75 per annum.—Applications to be made to Mr. JOSEPH VARTY, New Grammar School, Wigan; persons applying must be members of the Church of England.

In order to be consistent, the proprietor of these precious shops ought to stipulate that the persons renting them must deal only with wholesale firms the members of which are Churchmen, and decline to sell any of their goods to Nonconformists. It is to be hoped that the Nonconformists of Wigan, who are neither few nor unimportant, will resent this piece of Episcopalian intolerance by spending their money at other establishments.

CHURCH LITERATURE.

[BY OUR OWN LOAFER.]

I NEVER dabble in political writing, but, at the risk of coming very near doing so for once in my life, I really must call attention to a literary gem which I picked up the other day at a Church Defence meeting. My experience tells me that at most meetings of this sort, as at Liberationist gatherings, there are usually plenty of pamphlets and fly-leaves knocking about, and my experience further tells me that, as a rule, such literature is to be avoided by all but warm politicians as exceedingly dry reading, but in the case of the meeting of which I am now speaking, the fly-leaf which came into my possession was by no means a tame or dry affair, as your readers shall judge. The sheet was, in fact, an advertisement of a pamphlet which some spirited Church defender has penned, and if the pamphlet is at all to be compared to the advertisement, it certainly must be a most remarkable production, and calculated to make Liberationists tremble in their shoes. The fly-leaf sets forth that the pamphlet contains a complete and startling revelation of the great Liberationist conspiracy against the Church of England, and then proceeds in this way; there being an abundance of capital letters and a very effective use of large type:—

"Churches falling into ruins, or becoming gin-palaces or skating-rinks. The clergy turned out of their parsonage-houses. The vested interests of patrons and the rights of the laity alike disregarded. The poor robbed. Desolation! Havoc! Strife! Revolution! and Communism! All the above points are dealt with, and their connection with the Liberation Society's scheme unmistakably shown."

Now, if this is not truly terrible, I really don't know what is; and if, after this, the Liberation Society continue to scheme against the Church, Liberationists must be insensible alike to fear and to sorrow—fear of the terrible results of their nefarious plans, sorrow for the poor whom, if they are successful in their operations, they will rob, and for the havoc, desolation, and the rest of it, which they will bring upon this unhappy land. According to this fly-leaf, these terrible Liberationists mean to injure churches, parsons, patrons, the laity generally, and the poor in particular, for that robbery of the poor figured in very prominent letters. It strikes me as an impartial man—rather inclined, perhaps, to look upon Liberationists with a little suspicion—that it would take the author of the pamphlet all his time to prove to my satisfaction, or the satisfaction of any fair-thinking man, that all the evils which appear upon that hair-raising fly-leaf would inevitably result from that which Liberationists propose. And this is my only consolation, because but for this thought I must perforce immediately, as a lover of my country, join a Conservative club, and array myself sternly and determinedly against all those who would dare to touch the Church, even with the tip of their little fingers.

"PUNCH" AS A PLAGIARIST.

WHO would have thought it? *Punch* is also amongst the plagiarists. In a recent number of our clever contemporary appeared the following lines, entitled "The Diapason of the Cannonade":—

"The tumult of sacked town and burning village,
The rush and roar that prayer for mercy drowns,
The soldiers revel rout, 'mid blood and pillage,
The wail of starving folk in leaguered towns—
The bursting shell, the houses rent asunder,
The galling rifle-fire, the clashing blade—
And, ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade!"

No doubt, the verses were good—better than *Punch* usually gives—but then they were almost identical with the subjoined, taken from Longfellow's "Arsenal of Springfield":—

"The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revel in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;
The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade."

ANAGRAM.—Viscount Cranbrook—"Born to rank so; Vic.—U.C."
(You see.)

WORMALD'S PILLS are the **BEST** for all **COMPLAINTS** of the **STOMACH, LIVER, and BOWELS,**
Boxes. 184d. and 2s. 9d.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Great Army of Fighting Volunteers—at present being raised by Major O'Shea and a small but faithful band of prominent patriots—has now received a name. It is to be called "The British Legion for Active Service." I, myself, think the word "Legion" might appropriately be substituted for the word "Legion." But, of course, the patriots know best. The Legion has also received the blessing of Pope Beaconsfield. His Lordship's private secretary says, writing to the committee: "Lord Beaconsfield has received your note of the 26th inst. respecting the formation of the corps of Active Service Volunteers, and has been in communication with the Secretary for War on the subject. I have the honour to inform you that the Secretary for War will be ready, if applied to, to receive a deputation introduced by a member of Parliament, through whom the application should be made, to hear the views of your committee on this matter." The strength of the Legion is to reach at least half a million. At present, some two hundred men have joined. Yet Beaconsfield is ready to countenance any farce of the kind.

WHAT tragedies may be wrapt up in a newspaper advertisement! What, for example, may the following, cut from the *Daily Telegraph*, not mean?

A REFINED LADY, some 30 years of age, of aristocratic family, whose husband is compelled to make a long journey, which necessitates the dissolving of her household, is desirous of meeting with a SITUATION in a respectable English family in London or in the country. Acquirements—German, French, Italian, also some English and music. Is experienced in the management of a large household and the education of children.—Please address, &c., Frankfurt-on-the-Main. No agents need apply.

LOUISA MARSHALL, hawker, has been committed for trial by Sir John Mantell under rather peculiar circumstances. She was charged with having stolen wearing apparel and half-a-sovereign from Harriet Webb, domestic servant, Levenshulme. The prisoner denied that she stole the articles, alleging, instead, that she got them for telling Miss Harriet Webb's fortune. She went to the house, she said, and asked if they had any old clothes to sell. The prosecutrix replied, "Buy me." The prisoner answered, "If I did all the young men would be following me; you are so nice." The prosecutrix answered, "I think not, for my young man has sacked me," adding that "she was deep in love with two men; one of them was married, and she loved him the best." The prosecutrix then gave her the things to keep for a fortnight, and said that if all the prisoner had stated came true she must have the goods for her own use. Miss Harriet gave all this a thorough denial, and so Miss Louisa will now get her own fortune told by the Recorder.

AFTER standing out on strike for twelve months, the joiners of Manchester and Salford now offer to return to their old shops on the masters' terms. Unfortunately for them, however, these shops were long since filled with other hands. The lesson should be laid to heart by working men generally in these dull days.

THE other day a "Bury muff" went to the registrar's office *in re* the bans of marriage. Upon being asked if his intended wife was a spinster, he replied, "Nawe, hoo's a weyver."

THE *Evening News*, in its summary column on Saturday, stated that an urgent appeal on behalf of the International Refuge Committee had been telegraphed from Constantinople by "Lord Scudamore." This will be news indeed for our old friend Frank Ives.

WE have not heard much of Dr. Massingham in this neighbourhood, since he left Lancashire for Yorkshire; nevertheless he is as staunch and as violent a defender of the Church as ever. His language has all the vigour of his earlier days, as will be seen from one or two extracts which follow. Mr. E. Thomas has been delivering a Liberation lecture at Gorlington, and not being able to have his own way at the lecture, the doctor has, as is his habit, written to a local paper to set things right. The lecturer, Dr. Massingham says, "is hardly worth powder and shot. It matters little what such a hireling slanderer and unchristian mischief-maker thinks," but he "blushes for Dissenters" when he hears Mr. Thomas's "unfair representations" and "vile clap-trap." One other passage in the letter must be given in full—it cannot be summarised—"A man who unites himself to a rich wife and abuses his power to seize her money, disestablish, disendow, and turn her out to beggary, would be regarded as

a worthless scoundrel; and the man who would have the State, with which the Church is united, act in a similar way is no better. Were Mr. Thomas to enter my house, he should not be out of the sight of myself or servant, for I would not trust him. A robber *in esse* is no worse than a would-be robber *in futuro*; and such men ought to be treated as they deserve—tabooed from respectable society, excommunicated, and no dealings had with them." This is so like the doctor—quite the old Massingham style.

IN a clumsy and ungrammatical letter to the *Daily News*, Mr. Charles Williams, the writer of the "greatest war-song on record," replies to certain contemptuous strictures passed upon him by "Vindex Londinensis," another correspondent of the same paper, who, in a recent epistle, quoted some of the verses which were supposed to have called forth the Queen's special approbation. These verses, the chief sentiment in which was that the "British Lion is a noble scion," were, it will be recollected, introduced to the notice of the Manchester public through the columns of the *Examiner* and *Times* a week or two ago. But it appears that the public were wrong in supposing these to be the verses which Her Majesty thought worthy of her high critical approval. According to Mr. Williams, the Queen has never seen the verses in question, and her "gracious acknowledgment" referred to a totally different song, the name or style of which Mr. Williams does not give, though he leads us to believe that it was of precisely the same character as that which has been generally quoted. Mr. Williams also goes on to vindicate the right of the Queen to acknowledge any lines that are "respectfully sent her," and winds up by indignantly contradicting the insinuation of "Vindex Londinensis" that he "probably can neither read nor write." No doubt Mr. Williams can read and write. What his attainments in the way of reading are we know not, but a perusal of his letter leads us to believe that he could read without much difficulty a "Child's First Reading Book," though his style of writing reminds one of the Spanish cow which tried to talk French. We need not, however, concern ourselves further with Mr. Williams, but it is impossible to avoid expressing deep regret that the Queen of England should have given a music-hall "artist" the opportunity of thus dragging her name into a discussion concerning the merits of his contemptible tomfoolery.

TREATY RIGHT.

THE Treaty of Paris
A document rare is,
And to show you how sweetly it works,
Some few years ago,
As most people know,
It allowed us to bully the Turks;
But now at this time,
It is really sublime,
To find out how squeamish we've grown—
No sin could be worse
Than the Turk to coerce.
He must do as he likes with his own,
Provided of course
That to steal a good horse
In us is no fault to be blamed;
Tho' we'd soon bring to book,
Any other who'd look
O'er the hedge that our interests had claimed.
And if after this dance
We should e'er get the chance
Another such Treaty to make,
Heads I win, tails you lose,
Are precisely the views
That the patriot statesman should take.

BANDITS.

On Friday the Salford Police Band and Brass Band, which has only recently been formed, made its first public appearance at the Town Hall, Bronghton.—*Daily Paper.*

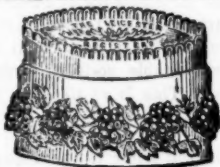
THUS Manchester's example's ta'en
By Salford's Watch Committee;
And having got a band ditto,
They've got their own band-ditty.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

TIC-DOLOREUX, TOOTHACHE, &c.—BUSHBY'S NEUROTONIC gives immediate and lasting relief, is also invaluable in weakness and general debility. 1/14 and 2/9, of chemists.

THE L. P. P.



THE L. P. P.

It is scarcely needful to say that this refers to the (now celebrated) Leicester Pork Pies (registered). Perhaps no advertisements of late have come more directly under public notice than those pertaining to the above. Inquiries have poured in from all parts of the British Islands, followed by orders for these goods; the consequence is a continually increasing demand for the L. P. P. The makers have taken care to back up their notices by an article that cannot be surpassed for quality, at the same time recommending the retailers to supply the public at very reasonable prices. Messrs. V., C., and D. have found it necessary to remove to much larger premises. They have just commenced making at the new works, Sussex Street, where they have every facility for doing a most extensive trade, aided by the best machinery for the various purposes required.

The LEICESTER PORK PIES (registered) are sold by grocers and provision purveyors in all directions, and can very soon be obtained in the remotest districts if required for. The LEICESTER SAUSAGES (registered) of the same makers, Messrs. VICCARS, COLLYER, & DUNMORE, 24, Silver Street, Leicester.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

CHESTER RACES.

"CUP DAY."

ON WEDNESDAY, May 15th, a CHEAP EXCURSION will leave MANCHESTER at 9-20 a.m.; Oldham, 8-45 a.m.; Heaton Norris, 9-30 a.m.; Stockport, 9-35 a.m.; Sandbach, 10-20 a.m.; and other Stations, for CHESTER.

Returning therefrom the same evening at 5-20 p.m.
For Fares and full particulars see Bills.

Chief Traffic Manager's Office,
Euston Station, London, May, 1878.

G. FINDLAY.



Ryde, Isle of Wight.

HOPGOOD & CO.'S N. AND S. HAIR CREAM,
RECOMMENDED BY EMINENT PHYSICIANS

For its "surprising and unfailing success," may be had of all Chemists and Perfumers, at 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., and 6s. 6d.

H. & CO.'S SEDATIVE COLD CREAM, in pots, 6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d.

BILLIARDS!—JOHN O'BRIEN, the only practical Billiard Table Manufacturer in Manchester, respectfully invites inspection of his stock of Billiard Tables, which is now the largest and most superb in the kingdom, all made under his own personal inspection. Sole Maker of the Improved Fast Cushion, that will never become hard.—GLOBE BILLIARD WORKS, 42, Lower King Street, Manchester.

JOHN H. HODGSON,

251, OXFORD STREET (near Owens College),

Respectfully invites an inspection of his ENTIRELY NEW AND WELL-ASSORTED STOCK OF

GENTLEMEN'S HOSIERY, WHITE & COLOURED SHIRTS, &c.,

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S GLOVES, TIES, AND SILK UMBRELLAS.

N.B.—FUNERALS UNDERTAKEN AND CONDUCTED THROUGHOUT,

Under Personal Superintendence, in the Modern Style, on Economical Terms.

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Wholesale London, Birmingham, Sheffield, and Foreign
FANCY GOODS WAREHOUSEMEN,
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Have REMOVED from 17 & 19, Thomas Street, to New
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WHERE AN EARLY VISIT IS SOLICITED.



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HEALTH, TONE, AND VIGOUR.

THE LATE

For Strengthening
the NervesAnd Purifying
the Blood.

Highly recommended for the Loss of Nervous and Physical Force; pleasant to the taste, perfectly harmless, and possessing highly reanimating properties. Its influence on the Secretions and Functions is speedily manifested; and in all cases of Debility, Nervousness, Depression, and Premature Exhaustion, resulting from overtaxed or abused energies of body or mind, it will be found an invaluable remedy, restoring health, strength, and vigour. It may be taken with perfect confidence and safety by the most delicate and timid of either sex, being guaranteed totally free from any injurious preparation whatever. It removes pimples, blotches, purifies the blood, gives new life, sound and refreshing sleep, and restores the constitution to health and vigour in a short time.

Sold by most Chemists at 2/9, 4/6, 11/-, and 22/- per Bottle;
or sent on receipt of price by

E. HILTON & CO., 9, Lower Belgrave Street, London.

CAUTION.—See that the words "Sir A. Cooper's Vital Restorative" are blown in each bottle, and that our Trade Mark, as above, is on the label, without which it cannot be genuine.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.

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And all the Wholesale Houses.

ESTABLISHED IN 1843.
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HOLLINWOOD GREASE, OIL, COMPOSITION, OR
CEMENT AND SOAP WORKS.

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Manufacturers of Cotton Mill Gearing Grease, Woollen
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Elastic, Black, Red, and other Coloured Varnishes;
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COMPOSITION OR CEMENT FOR COATING
BOILERS, PIPES, CYLINDERS, &c., &c.

Our steam-prepared Non-conducting Composition or
Cement, which has been so many years before the public,
and is unequalled for its glutinous and adhesive
qualities, is prepared with the greatest care by ex-
perienced practical and operative Chemists. Its effec-
tiveness can at all times be relied upon in saving fuel
and preventing condensation; its enduring qualities,
with ordinary care, will extend over a period of 20 years.
We respectfully invite our friends to inspect the work
recently finished for the following firms, viz., Industry
Spinning Co. Limited, Lonsight, Royton, near Oldham;
Chamber Colliery Co. Limited, at their Pits, Chamber,
Denton Lane, Stockfield, Oak, and Woodpark; A. & A.
Crompton & Co., Shaw, near Oldham; Joseph Clegg,
High Crompton, near Oldham; Hoyle & Jackson, Can-
non Street Mill, Oldham; Henry Whitaker & Sons,
Hall Street Mill, Royton, near Oldham; Ashworth, Had-
den, & Co., Fairfield, near Manchester; Joseph Byrom
& Sons, Aldon Mills, Droylsden, near Manchester;
Millbrook Spinning Co., Millbrook, near Stalybridge;
Staley Mill Spinning Co. Limited, Millbrook, near Staly-
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Oldham; Thos. Rhodes & Son, Hadfield; Thos. Rhodes,
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Limited, Middleton; Rochdale Co-operative Manufac-
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Lindley & Co., Bowker Bank Printworks, Grumpsall,
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In extra strong casks for exportation.
All communications to be addressed to the Firm, at
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HOLLINWOOD GREASE, VARNISH, COMPOSITION,
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HOLLINWOOD, NEAR MANCHESTER.

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PRICE 5s., CLOTH, POST FREE.
HANDRAILING ON THE BLOCK SYSTEM:
Being a simple mechanical method of constructing a
wreath from the plan and elevation of the stairs, with-
out the tedious mathematical process hitherto used.

Illustrated with Copper-plate Diagrams.
BY WM. TWISS.

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DR. ROBERTS' POOR MAN'S FRIEND
is confidently recommended to the Public as an
Unfailing Remedy for wounds of every description—
scalds, chilblains, scorbutic eruptions, Burns, Sore
and Inflamed Eyes, &c.

Sold in pots at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 11s., and 22s. each.
Dr. ROBERTS' PILULE ANTISCROPHULE, or
ALTERNATIVE PILLS, proved by sixty years' expe-
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the public.

They form a mild and superior family aperient; they
may be taken at all times without confinement or change
of diet.

In boxes at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 22s. each.
Sold by the Proprietors, BEACH and BARNICOTT,
Bridport; and by all respectable Medicine Vendors in the
United Kingdom and Colonies.

**HOW TO BECOME EITHER NATU-
RALLY OR ARTIFICIALLY BEAUTIFUL,**
by simple and inexpensive means made and used at home,
together with the secret of looking a person steadily and
pleasantly in the face during conversation. 1s. 1d., post
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RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT.

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Author of "Rochdale Past and Present."
The ancestry traced from the year 1681. Illustrated
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Orders to be sent to W. Robertson, 1, The Orchard,
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"The Economy of Nature provides a remedy
for every complaint."

VICKERS' ANTILACTIC is the only
certain cure known for RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA,
LUMBAGO, and GOUT. It has never been known to fail
in curing the worst cases, many of which had been
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GOOD for the cure of WIND ON THE STOMACH.
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Sold in all Medicine Vendors, in boxes at 1s. 1d.,
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THIS terrible malady may be cured in
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Loss of Nerve Power, General Debility, Neuralgia, &c.
After two or three doses the craving for stimulants will
abate, and if persevered with a cure is effected. All who
have friends suffering from this frightful disease should
purchase a bottle, and induce them to try the medicine.
Sold in bottles, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d., by all chemists,
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By CUTBERT BEDE.

"A pleasant little volume."—*Salford Weekly News*,
September 8th.

"Figaro at Hastings and St. Leonard's" is a lively
brochure from the pen of Cutbert Bede. The papers,
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the *London Figaro*. Bound in an attractive pictorial
cover, they will in their present garb be sure to send a
fresh batch of holiday-makers to the favourite Watering-
Places which they limn with pen and pencil."—*Figaro*
Illustrated Paper, September 15th.

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GOOD HEALTH FOR ALL!!!

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This great Household Medicine ranks amongst the
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These famous Pills purify the Blood, and act most
powerfully, yet soothingly, on the
LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS,
and BOWELS, giving tone, energy, and vigour to these
great Main Springs of Life. They are confidently
recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases
where the constitution, from whatever cause, has
become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully
efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all
ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE,
are unsurpassed.

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Remove Freckles and Pimples, and are unequalled
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fail to restore youthful colour and impart new life.

1s. 1d. a Box, at all Chemists.

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TIONS OF PURE PEPSINE, greatly recommended by
the highest medical authorities? Sold in bottles as
Wine at 2s. 6d. and 6s.; Lozenges, at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.;
and Powder, in bottles, at 2s. 6d. and 4s. each. Sold
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the manufacturers for 30 stamps; 1s. 6d. bottle of
Lozenges for 18 stamps; and 2s. 6d. bottle of Powder
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